

**The Southern Enterprise,**  
A REFLEX OF POPULAR EVENTS.  
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T. J. & W. P. Price, Publishers.

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### Original Poetry.

For the Southern Enterprise.

We roved at morn through the gay-green wood,  
There was gladness around us and light above,  
Oh! we cried, our Father is great and good,  
The Lord of glory—the God of Love!  
And will we not bend the knee to Him, (hymn)  
And blend with the wood-notes our morning  
Glad sounds did greet us—and oh! we heard  
The sweetest strain from a mocking-bird.  
And down in the shade of a deep ravine  
We found half hid'neath the tangled green,  
A stream whose watery murmurs clear,  
Were sweet as the laugh of a maiden fair,  
And they gladdened the heart, while they charm-  
ed the ear.

The flowers that sprang on our shadowy way,  
Looked sweet and fresh in the smile of day;  
Faint beautiful worshippers of light,  
They were crowned with the jewels of dark-  
browed Night.  
The fern leaves waved on the brooklet's side,  
And the lily bent with a graceful pride,  
Her beauty to view in the mirroring tide.  
The violet looked from its lovely bed,  
And a pearly tear in its blue eye shone;  
Such a tear as pity for grief might shed,  
Or Repentance weep in her closet lone.

Why do I love the violet so?  
Is it because that in days gone,  
When life and pleasures were in their dawn,  
The eyes I loved wore the same sweet hue,  
And the lips I loved praised the violet too?  
Is it because, thou gentle flower,  
She was fair, and modest and meek like thee,  
Or because she claimed the peerless dower  
Of violet purity?  
I love thee more, oh! violet fair,  
Than all the flowers, the rich and rare,  
That bloom in the world's parterre!  
Thy sweet—yes, sweet in the morn to rove,  
Through each winding path of the dewy grove;  
To breathe the sweet that is offered up  
From the opening flow'ret's incense cup;  
To be fanned by the restless zephyr's wing  
As spirit-like it wanders by—  
To hear the anthems of joy that ring  
From the grateful earth to the listening sky.  
Oh! this is a beautiful world of ours,  
In its time of frost or in its time of flowers.  
We'll bend each knee to the grassy sod  
—In thanks for the blessings we all receive;  
We'll praise forever our Father, God,  
Who makes a joy to us to live.

DUO AMICI.

### Miscellaneous Reading.

#### The Parent's Legacy.

AN INCIDENT IN REAL LIFE.

Whoever has travelled among the Scottish hills and dales, cannot have failed to observe the scrupulous fidelity of the inhabitants to the old family Bible. A more honorable trait of character than this cannot be found; for all men, whether Christians or infidels, are proud to put reliance in those who make the Bible their confident, and whose well-thumbed pages show the confidence which their owners possessed in it.

A few years ago there dwelt in Ayrshire an ancient couple, possessing of this world's goods sufficient to keep them independent from want or woe, and from tottering steps. A gallant of a farmer became enamored of the daughter, and she being loath, consented to become his. As the match was every way worthy of her, the old folks consented, and they were desirous of seeing their brain comfortable, they were made one. In a few short years, the scythe of time cut down the old couple, and they gave their bodies to the dust and their souls to their Creator.

The young farmer having heard much of the promised land beyond the sea, gathered together his duds, and selling such as were useless, packed up those calculated to be of service to him at his new home. Some neighbors, having the same itching for adventure, sold off their homes and homesteads and set sail for America.

Possessed of considerable property in the shape of "silver," this company were not like the generality of emigrants, poor and friendless; but happy, and full of hope for the future, was taking out their old heirloom, and returning thanks and praise to Him who had led them back to a safe haven.

As the farmer's ship was coming to this

country was to purchase a farm, and follow his occupation, but little time was spent in the city he had arrived in, and as his fellow passengers had previously determined on their destination, he bade them farewell, and with a light heart turned his face towards the setting sun. Indiana at this time was settling fast, and having heard of its cheap and fertile lands, he determined on settling within its borders.

On the banks of the Wabash he fixed on a farm, and having paid cash for one half, gave a mortgage for the balance, payable in one year. Having stocked his farm and put seed in the ground, he rested from his labor, and patiently waited the time when he might go forth and reap the harvest; but alas! no grain gladdened his heart, or rewarded his toil. The fever of the country attacked him, and at the time when the fields were white with the fulness of the laborer's skill, death called him home, and left his disconsolate wife a widow, and his only child an orphan.

We leave this sorrow, and pass on to the struggle of the afflicted widow a year afterwards. The time having arrived when the mortgage was to be paid, she borrowed the money of a neighbor who had been very attentive to her husband and to herself, one who knelt at the same table with her to renew their professed obligations to the Giver of all good. Hard and patiently did she toil to repay the sum against the promised time; but all would not do—fortune frowned, and she gave way to her accumulated troubles. Disheartened and distracted she relinquished the farm and the stock for a less sum than she owed her Christian neighbor, who, not satisfied with that, put an execution on her furniture.

On the Sabbath previous to the sale she took courage and strengthened herself with the knowledge of having wronged no one, went to the temple of her father, with a heart filled with humility and love, poured out her soul to "Him who turneth not away," and having commended side by side with her Christian neighbor, returned to her desolate home.

Here her fortitude had like to have forsaken her, but seeing the old family Bible, she reverently put it to her lips and sought consolation from its pages. Slowly she pursued its holy inspiring verses, and gathered hope from its never failing promises.

The day of sale having arrived, her few goods and chattels were in due course knocked off to the highest bidder. Unmoved she saw pass from her possession article after article without a murmur, till the constable held up the old family Bible. This was too much. Tears flowed and gave silent utterance to a broken heart. She begged the constable to spare her this memento of her revered and departed parents; and the humane man of the law would willingly have given it to her, but her inexorable creditor declared that everything should be sold, as he was determined to have all that was owing him.

The book was therefore put up, and about being disposed of for a few shillings, when she suddenly snatched it, and declaring she would have some relic of those she loved, cut the slender thread that held the brown linen cover, with the intention of retaining it. The cover fell into her hands, and with it two flat pieces of thin, dirty paper. Surprised at the circumstance, she examined them, and what was her joy and delight to find that they called for five hundred pounds on the Bank of England. On the back of one, in her mother's hand-writing, were the following words:

"When sorrow overtakes ye, seek yer Bible. And on the other in her father's hand: "Yer father's ears are never deaf."

The sale was immediately stopped, and the family Bible given to its faithful owner. The furniture sold was readily offered to her by those who had purchased, which she gladly took back.

Having paid off her relentless creditor the utmost farthing, and rented a small house in the village of—, she placed the balance of her money in such a way as to receive interest enough to keep her comfortable, and is now able to enjoy the prospects of the old family Bible without fear or molestation. Her time and attention are devoted to the bringing up of the bright, blue-eyed Alice, and if the happy smiles of the countenance may be considered an index of the heart and mind, little Alice bids fair to be a shining star in the community of which she at present forms but a unit.

At the meeting house, in the centre of the village, may be seen every Sunday, sitting about half way up the south aisle, a lady about thirty years of age, dressed in deep mourning, with the beauty of holiness, and on whom may be seen deep traces of sorrow.

At the public house, in the same place, and at the same time, may also be seen a being in the garb of man, bloated and setting over the poisoning bowl. The one is the professing widow—the other the professing neighbor.

"Does this razor go easy?" asked a barber of a victim who was writhing under a clumsy instrument, whose chief recommendation was a strong handle. "Well, that depends upon what you call the operation. If you are skinning me, it goes tolerably easy; but if you are shaving, it goes mighty hard."

### Why a Bachelor Don't Worry.

I RECENTLY read a newspaper philippic against bachelors, which was anything but just. Indeed I sometimes think that editors generally with all their supposed smartness, rush into matrimony with the common crowd of green horns. Does anybody suppose that we bachelors, are so from choice?—that with *malice prepense* we have devoted ourselves to a life of single unblestness? No. It is because we cannot find wives to our minds. I speak for myself. I am 32; my appearance is as good as my neighbors;—temper allowed by my handily and her daughter to be excellent; habits sober, and decidedly domestic prospects—a good business ("good" at any rate, for four thousand a year, and increasing.) with a few thousand invested. I want a wife. I am willing to marry as speedily as a decent regard for conventional rules will permit—provided I can find a proper person consenting to perform her part of the ceremony with me. I do not want a doll, nor a spoiled miss whose intellect cannot ascend beyond the subject of dry goods, nor a shrewd beauty who even in her teens, is scheming to wed an "establishment." I want a sensible woman, moderately unselfish, to share my fortunes; one who, in return for unremitting kindness, will think it her duty to make one's home a little comfortable, and condescend, at times to take an interest even in buttonless shirts—in short a "helpmate," not a burden!

I was at one period rather smitten by the attractions of Mary Jones. She was handsome and "accomplished"—i. e. she could dance, dress, write a bad hand, prattle on nothing with great volubility, and perform, upon the piano with some mechanical skill, but without taste or understanding. In the first stage of my attack, I easily deluded myself into the belief that she was the very person calculated to make me happy. My circumstances at that period were far better than at present. I proposed, and my proposal was accepted, as were also several costly presents I felt a pleasure in offering my fiancée. The day was fixed for our wedding; but a week before its advent, a confounded fire swept away all I was worth in the world except a few thousand dollars, just sufficient to recommence life with. Mary consoled with me in my misfortune, coolly broke off the engagement, and kindly retained my costly presents—as souvenirs of her broken promise, I presume. I thought this was pretty sharp practice in a girl of eighteen, and almost thanked the fire "escape" that had saved me from immolation on the altar of Hymen. She is eight-and-twenty now. Her father has failed in business, and she is still single, although, as I learn on the eve of marriage with a widower of forty, who has a young family of six children and precarious business in the cheap clothes line. I take the opportunity of wishing them joy, to show that I harbor no ill feelings against the bride.

Lucy Smith afterwards exerted all the pretty little arts she was mistress of to ensnare me, and finally succeeded, to a certain extent. I found myself growing most assiduous in my attentions, and inclining more every day into the amiable "spoonery" state of feeling; but I soon found that she strove with equal pains to ensnare every fellow she met with, even in my presence, and could not refrain from practicing her strange ocular experiments on married men. I withdrew; for though I have no objection to "variety as a spice of life," I do not approve of as a seasoning to love or matrimony.

Maria Brown's notions of "wedded bliss" appeared to consist in an undisturbed state of rocking chairs and new novels, relieved only with interviews with milliners. Sophia abhorred the idea of "housekeeping;" and I who believe in domestic hearths, cheerful firesides, and that kind of obsolete thing, as associated with married life, could not consent to be merely a temporary lord of a "bed chamber, even in the most splendid of our hotels. Emma fancied that a wife is a pet to be dandled, humored, and submitted to—a lazy thing on which every luxury is to be lavished, without thanks or return. Of course, she won't do for a tradesman! She is well suited for a doting old gentleman, with much money and little wit. In short, I can't find a lady fit to be the companion of an unpretending business man, and that is the reason why I am a Bachelor.—*Sunday Times.*

THE Scientific American thinks there is much moonshine in the argument that the wearing of a long beard is conducive to health, and says: "Some men say that Nature gave man a beard for some purpose, and it is a violation of her laws to denude the moustache and annihilate the whisker. But as females have no beards, and as Nature first tried her prenticed hand on man and then made woman, it may be suggested, that the unbearded type is the most perfect, and that the moustache is but a useless and unornamental appendage."

THE duties collected on the sale of spirits in the United Kingdom last year amounted to five millions! There were twenty-three million gallons of spirits distilled! What a phalanx of death and human misery! Here is the secret of national distress.

### Occupation.

Man's business never ennobles his character. A bad man elevated to an honorable office is still the same original scoundrel he was before his preferment, only he has an opportunity of doing a larger amount of injury. Virtue, honor, truth and integrity are the same whether found in the street scavenger or in the judge. An honest man peddling out matches, jack knives or gun flints is as much entitled to respect, as he whose freighted ships whiten the ocean. "This man that ennobles his business. Fathers and guardians make a sad mistake, when they persist in crowding their sons or wards into the different professions instead of giving them a trade, as though a brilliant lawyer was a whit more respectable than a good shoe black, carpenter, or printer. Young ladies, too, show their want of gumption, when they give honest worth the "sack" because it is concealed under a coating of tar, chalk, smut, ashes, or ink, and give their hearts and hands to some of the "learned professions" who have not learned to behave decently, or to earn the salt in the bread they destroy.

An honest, upright man is an ornament we love to contemplate. His industry and integrity are priceless jewels and they will give him independence. Point to one professional man who has distinguished himself in proportion to his opportunities, and we can point you to scores of mechanics, farmers and laborers who have risen to an enviable eminence despite the impediments by which they were surrounded. The learned professions are well enough, but all men were not designed for lawyers and doctors. Suppose we were all tinkers, what a chattering of tin pans there would be!—*Spt. of the Age.*

### The Greatest Steamer in the World.

The immense screw and paddle steamer, building by Scott Russel, at Millwall, England, for the Eastern Steam Navigation Company, is to be completed in twelve months. Her keel has been laid down, and several of her bulkheads, or compartments, are raised, and the works are proceeding with energy and expedition. A railroad has been laid down the entire length of her way, to facilitate the conveyance of the materials from the factory to the different parts of the vessel. The exact dimensions of the ship are as follows:—Tonnage, builder's measurement, 22,000 tons; tonnage burthen, 10,000 tons; extreme length, 680 feet; extreme depth, 68 feet; power of engines are in the course of construction, and will be fitted in the vessel before she is floated off. The hull will be entirely of iron, and of more than usual strength, the magnitude of her size enabling Mr. Brunel, the architect, to introduce many precautionary measures conducive to support and security. From her keel up to six feet above the water-line is double, of a cellular construction. The upper deck will also be strengthened on the same principle, and will form a complete beam, similar to the tube of the Britannia bridge, so that any external injury will not affect the tightness or the safety of the ship. She is divided into ten separate water-tight compartments, each being sixty feet in length, enabling her to take out sufficient fuel for a voyage to Australia and back to England without stopping.

### Brilliant Whitewash.

Much is said of the brilliant stucco whitewash on the east of the President's house at Washington.

The following is a recipe for making it, with some additional improvements learned by experiment. Take a bushel of nice unslacked lime; slack it with boiling water, covering it in the process, to keep in the steam. Strain the liquor through a sieve or strainer, and add to it a peck of clean salt, previously well dissolved in warm water, three pounds of ground rice, ground to a thin paste and stirred and boiled hot; half a pound of Spanish Whiting, and a pound of clean glue, which has been dissolved by first soaking it well, and then hanging it over a slow fire, in a large one filled with water. And five gallons of hot water to the whole mixture, stir it well, and let it stand a few days covered from the dirt. It should be put on quite hot; for this purpose it can be kept in a kettle on a portable furnace. It is said that about one pint of this mixture will cover a square yard upon the outside of a house, if properly applied. Brushes more or less small may be used, according to the neatness of the job required. It retains its brilliancy for many years. There is nothing of the kind that will compare with it, either for outside or inside walls. Coloring matter may be put in, and made of any shade you like. Spanish brown stirred in will make a red or a pink, more or less deep, according to quantity. A delicate tinge of this is very pretty for inside walls. Finely pulverized common clay, well mixed up with Spanish brown, before it is stirred into mixture, makes it a lilac color. Lamp black and Spanish brown, mixed together, produce a reddish stone color. Lamp black in moderate quantities makes a slate-color, very suitable for the outside of buildings. Yellow wash, chrome ochre goes further and makes a prettier color. In all these cases the darkness of shade will of course be determined by the quantity of coloring matter used. It is difficult to make a

rule, because the tastes are very different; it would be best to try the experiments on a shingle, and let it dry. I have been told that green must not be mixed with lime. The lime destroys the color, and the color has an effect on the whitewash which makes it crack and peel.

### Gibe the Boys a Chance.

Do you know anybody that wants to hire a boy? We confess that we never hear this, the most common of inquirers, without a feeling of sadness, and never say no, without a hearty wish that we had something for a boy to do. Poor little fellows, ily kept and poorly clad, turn their anxious faces up to yours in the hope to find a favorable answer, and thus to end a long, painful question for the means to earn a mouthful of honest bread. They move on with drooping heads to repeat for a thousand times the inquiry, and to receive the same response, in tones of every variety of difference. "A boy" is learning his first sad lessons in the coldness of the world and the harshness of life. We will not go beyond him to see what aching heart there is in some poor home, that mingled with hope and fear, has sent him forth on his thankless mission; for that the boy himself should be obliged to go and ask again and be refused the opportunity to be useful, is sad enough of itself.

In this fast age—this struggling, crowding world, there is little room for the boys and there is far too little thought taken of the obligation that rests upon men to make places for them. These materials of which men are made are neglected, and we are too prone to forget how important an element we ourselves are in settling the question, whether they are to be good or bad. Words of kindness and encouragement to those who are first launching their frail banks upon the voyage of life, are worth thousands of dollars spent in processes to reform such as through neglect and despair have forgotten their good impulses, and suffered themselves to be led into courses of transgression. A little word may stimulate a hope that glimmers on the verge of extinction, into a motive strong and unerring to impel its owner forward in the paths of usefulness and honor. Be kind to the boys.

And to the boys we would say, never despair. If one man does not want a boy try another. You have the right to make the inquiry. The world was made for you as well as for the men, and God has determined that you shall have a place in it. The hopes of the world are the boys—the poor boys—and insignificant and placeless as you feel yourselves, your mission is important, and if you are worthy your day will surely come.—There is another thing. Go to the country, chances for useful employment are numerous and various in the agricultural districts. Avoid the town, with its places of low amusement and lower dissipation. Determine to be men, and honest men, and the time will come when you will be disposed to think over the hardships you have suffered, for their effect in developing your energies and fixing your character.

### Noble Reply.

Fredrick the Second, King of Prussia, was remarkable for an extravagant humor of supporting a regiment of the tallest men that could possibly be procured; and he would give a fellow of 6 feet and a half high 80 or a 100 guineas bounty, besides the charge of bringing him from the farthest part of the globe if it so happened. One day, while his majesty was reviewing this regiment of giants, attended by all the foreign ambassadors, and most of the officers of rank both in the court and army, he took occasion to ask the French minister, who stood near him, if he thought that his master had an equal number of troops in his service able to engage those formidable men. The Frenchman, who was no soldier, said he believed not. The king pleased with such a reply from a native of the vaicant nation in the world, asked the imperial ambassador the same question, and the German frankly declared his opinion that he did not believe there was such another regiment in the world. "Well, my Lord Hyndford," said the king to the British ambassador, "I know you have brave troops in England; but would an equal number of your countrymen, do you think, beat these? I will not tell upon me absolutely to say that," replied his lordship, "but I dare be bold to say that half the number would try!"

A DAMPER.—A young city fop, in company with some belles of fashion, was riding into the country a pleasuring, when they saw a poor rustic looking lad at work by the road-side. Thinking it a fine chance to show his wit to the dandies by sporting with the poor boy's ignorance, he thus accosted him: "Can you tell me, Mr. Zebelee, how far is it to where I am going, and which is the most direct road?" Poor Zebeby, not at all daunted, with the most sober and composed countenance, replied: "If you are going to the gallows, it is but a short distance; if to jail, it stands a few rods this side; but if only to poverty and disgrace, you are approaching your journey's end. As for the most direct road, you are now in it, and cannot miss the way." Dandy dropped his head and rode on.

### The Perils of Gold Mining.

A correspondent of the Williamsburg Times writing from Australia, narrates the following incidents, illustrative of the dangers which beset the Australian miner:

"Perhaps no death is more terrible than that which awaits the digger. The heavy yellow dust, with its tempting look, keeps the miner burrowing in the earth with thousands of tons suspended over his head, and by a tenure less reliable than that which held the sword of Damocles. An acquaintance of mine—Nutter, from the state of Maine—perished in taking out a rich pillar from a very dangerous hole, and succeeded; but he was not fairly on the ground again, when fifteen or twenty square yards sunk down with a dead, heavy crash. Little stones accidentally falling and hard lumps of earth have killed those in holes, and great care is necessary to guard against these evils.

"At Balarat, where the holes are very deep, accidents are common, one occurred there lately. A man digging found the bottom growing soft, but paid little attention to it until his legs sunk in so that he could not pull them out; he shouted for his mates to let the rope down, and he fastened it around his waist, but they could not pull him up, help came and twisted off the crank of the windlass, then seized the rope in their hands, but it was of no avail; the water bubbled up around the man in the hole, the quicksand rushed in, buried him to his waist and neck, stifled his cries, and rose thirty feet above his head. To dig him out was useless in fact, next to impossible. The rope was cut and its end pushed beneath the quicksand.

"In another instance a man driving sixty feet under ground loosened a large stone, and found water trickle through where it had been, but, not dreaming of danger from water, stuck his pick in, when the water burst through with great force. He had the presence of mind to drop his pick and turn round. The water drove him violently into the main hole, and, being a swimmer, he kept upright in the hole until he was drawn, when carelessly getting out, he slipped and fell, losing his life by the fall.

"But, notwithstanding the many accidents that occur, perhaps they are not greater for the persons employed than in any other business or traffic in life. There are numbers at the mines who would not go to the bottom of some of the holes for the gold in Australia; but the great majority would gladly place their lives against a fortune, myself for one."

THE BLESSINGS OF LONGEVITY.—The period of maturity is the only one which admits of prolongation. Infancy, childhood, and youth, have each certain limits, which are seldom come short of or exceeded; in a given number of years the human being arrives at the highest development of which it is capable, and art can do but little to hasten or retard the arrival of that epoch. So it is with old age—it cannot endure beyond a certain time, but speedily leads to the grave. The period of manhood—the period in which all the powers both mental and bodily, are in the highest perfection, is alone capable of extension; and it is so capable almost infinitely. What a strong motive does not this consideration afford for taking care of the health—for studying the natural laws, on which health depends—and for putting ourselves, as far as possible, in conformity with those laws! And how clearly does this show that longevity is good—a real, a substantial good, the attainment of which is well worth striving for, and the possession of which must contribute largely to happiness!—*Curtis on Health.*

THE NEWSPAPER.—In promotion of so desirable an object as the union of the intellectual with the useful, the newspaper is an important auxiliary. It is more. It is typical of the community in which it circulates and is encouraged. It tells its character as well as its condition its tastes as well as its necessities, the moral as well as the physical stamina of population and soil. It is the map whereon are traced our tendencies and destinies, that the chart to direct the traveller and settler to safe and pleasant harborage, or to direct them from the shoals and quicksands of social degradation. At home it brings us to our firesides, it imparts to our household, it impresses on our children its sentiment of propriety or its tone of contamination. Abroad it is regarded as our oracle, and speaks volumes for or against us. In its business features may be discerned the indications of our prosperity, or otherwise, in a worldly sense; but in its general complexion will be discovered our moral and spiritual healthfulness or disease. It is the portrait of our imperfections as well as the chronicler of our advancement.—*Washington Intelligencer.*

An old lady, out West, for twenty successive years darned stockings with the same needle—in fact, so used was the needle to its work, that frequently, on the lady's leaving the room, it would continue darning without her. When the old lady died, the needle was found by her relatives, and for a long time no one could thread it, nor could they discover what obstructed the threads, until by a microscopic observation they discovered "a tear drop in its eye!"